By E. C. DRUM-HUNT

Ambassador J. J. Jusserand presentd to the navy Saturday on behalf of
the city of De Grasse, France, a
tronze statue in commemoration of the
trival overseas of the first American
yarships conveying troops to France.
The statue was received by Secretary
Paniels and will later be placed on
the cruiser Seattle, flagship of Ad-

Mrs. Baker, wife of the Secretary of the War, and Mrs. Daniels, wife of the Georgian of the Navy, returned yesterday from North Carolina where hey were for almost a week.

the week.

Miss Nancy Lane, debutante daughter of the Secretary and Mrs. Lane, who is en route from California, where she has been visiting since the early summer, will reach Washington on

ans for Miss Lane's formal

### SWISS ENVOY IS RETURNING.

The Minister of Switzerland and time. Sulzer will return today from short visit in New York.

Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris, wife of the United States Minister to weden, accompanied by Mrs. S. R. Gaggenheim, of New York, is at the oreham for a week.

Dr. Carl Paul Hubscher. counselor ington, where her family made their the legation of Switzerland, will a few years ago, and where they were prominently idensity for a short visit to Mme. of the legation of Switzerland, will leave Washington within a few days for a short visit to Mme. Hubscher and their children, who are spending the autumn in Cincinnati with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Schoepf.

Miss Alexander Emery daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Anson, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce at Oyster Bay, after a stay at Bar Har-

Lieut. Frederic H. Meyer is visiting

Capt. Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. N., has left Washington to spend a few days with his family in Newport.

## OR. J. B. BAYNE COMING HOME.

Dr. J. Breckenridge Bayne, of this ty, is to return from Rumania short-ty, where he has succeeded in clearing or. Bayne ran the Bucharest Hospital. making typhus work his specialty.
Following the armistice, Dr. Bayne
eturned to Washington for several conths, but upon the outbreak of typhus in Rumania enlisted with the

ed Cross. He established three hospitals in the mania, and opened a training school.

Vaj. R. G. Whitlock, American Red
ross commissioner to Rumania, in a
letter to the Red Cross here, praises

with his son-in-law and daughter. Baron and Baroness de la Grange. in France. Baron and Baroness de la Grange lived in Washington for about a year of the war period.

dinner Saturday night at their home

The marriage of Mrs. Buckelew, forecast, idow of Frederick L. Buckelew, of Jupiter gives promise of political widow of Frederick L. Buckelew, of New Jersey, to Mr. Harold Leighton Paxton, of New York, will take place in Washington on October 18 tives and a very few close friends will be present and the wedding will be as simple as possible. The future home of the bride and bridegroom will be in New York. The bride was

# WHEN YOU WAKE **UP DRINK GLASS** OF HOT WATER

Wash Poisons and Toxins from System Before Putting Food Into Stomach.

Wash yourself on the inside before breakfast like you do on the outside This is vastly more important because while the bowel pores do.
For every ounce of food taken into

the stomach, nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out of the body. If this waste is not eliminated day by day it quicker rerments and generates poisons, gases and toxins which are absorbed or sucked into the lood stream, through the lymph ducts hich should suck only nourish-

A splendid health measure is to ass of hot water with a teaspoonful imestone phosphate in it, which a harmless way to wash these por-ns from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels; thus cleansing, sweeten-g and refreshing the alimentary anal before eating more food. A quarter pound of limestone phos-

ate costs but very little at the drug ore, but is sufficient to make anyone enthusiast on inside bathing.



### BARNETTS HAVE WEEK-END GUESTS.

Mrs. Frederick E. Chapin spent the week-end with Gen. and Mrs. George Barnett at their coun-try place. Wakefield Manor, Vir-ginia. Miss Chapin, who will be were for almost a week.

The Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane had a small company lunching with them at the Cafe St. Marks Saturday. They left shortly afterwards for Virginia, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Herth in their historic home, Gunston Hall, on the Potomac, for the end of the week.

Miss Nancy Lane, debutants of this season, accompanied by Mrs. Joseph Hampson and Miss Frances Hampson, a debutante this season, returned from Anophils, where they spent the week.

Mrs. Edward L. Elder, of this wife have been to lateful enough to look me up, find the map and start tongues wagging? Oh, Joan, I am sick to the very heart of me .

I know that the Bentsville branch of this road has its office in Randy Lowis' very building, that even as I write this he has probably been redented the week.

Mrs. Edward L. Elder, of this definite visit.

A wedding of unusual interest in Washington was that of Miss Eliza-beth Mearns Macartney, daughter of Mr. John W. Macartney, and Nor-ris Windrim McLean, which took yeseniation to the official and diplosatic world are as yet tentative, but he will probably make her debut at tea given by her mother, early in December.

The ceremony was performed at 5 o'clock, and a small reception followed at the Hotel Gramatan, at Bronxville. The wedding was very quiet on account of mourning in the family. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white satin draped with tulle, and her long tulle veil was held with a coronet of orange claborately in Washington. The complete schedule is not yet arranged.

Miss Kate K. Macariney attanced. place Saturday, October 4, at Christ

her sister as maid of honor, and her gown was a charming model of ivory-tinted brocaded satin, with a white velvet hat, and her bouquet was of gardenias and bouvardia. Wallace McLean attended his brother as best man, and the brother as best man, and the groomsmen were James W. Macart-ney, brother of the bride; Carroll Dawson, both formerly of this city; Victor di Zerega, of New York, and Frederick Gibbs of this city.

In St. Matthew's Church, James-town, Saturday Mrs. Mary Chew Bell, widow of Gardiner Hubbard Bell, of Washington, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chew, also of Washing-ton and the Jamestown summer colo-ny, was married to Mr. William Da-

She was attended by Mrs. Gilbert J. Roweliff, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. E. H. C. Leutze, of Washington, and by Mrs. Mary Hutchinson Levering, of Philadelphia, and son Levering, of Philadelphia, and Miss Rosalind Gray Parker, of Cam-

The best man was Lieut. Commander Robert S. Chew, jr., U. S. N., brother of the bride. The ushers were John Welsh, of Philadelphia; Claude R. Branch, Charles Read and Donald Babcock, of Providence. The Rev. Dr. Burrows officiated. A reception followed at the summer home of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Seaton Schroeder, of Washington, loaned for

will return to Waitelands, the country place of Mr. Miller's mother, near

Only the rela- signing contracts.

## THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER GIRL

By SOE BECKLEY. On Board the "Wayfarer" near Hollings Junction.

loan my dear: When Mr. Herron told me two days ago that we were to make Hollings Junction, I almost jumped out of my chair. Not twelve miles from old Bentsville!

"Why, Bentsville's my home town!" I yodled. "I haven't been there for -Oh, ages."

"Take a day off," said Herron. But to get back to my story, magine my dismay at receiving your yesterday, hinting darkly

Joan, Joan, how unjust and cruel!
What and how has Bentsville heard?
Can the president's wife have been
hateful enough to look me up, find
Bentsville on the map and start
tongues wagging? Oh, Joan, I am sick
to the very heart of ree.



"Honorable gent'man outside say must see Honorable Herron."

ton and the Jamestown summer colony, was married to Mr. William Davis Miller, son of Mrs. and the late est sort of slander. Oh, Joan dear, Augustus S. Miller, one-time Mayor of Providence, R. I.

The bride's father gave her away. She was attended by Mrs. Gilbert J. Rowcliff, daughter of Rear Admiral knowing the whole truth of the misseable business. miserable business.

I am too distressed and frightened to write more tonight. We reach Hollings Junction in the morning. I'll send this note from there, and c I'll send this hote from there, and do
in pity's name, my Joanie, send me
some message quickly. Tell me you
KNOW I have done nothing that I
cannot acknowledge looking straight into your clear eyes

Postscript, Next Morning. We are at Hollings Junction, Joan dearest, and all I have time and strength to add is that right in the middle of our morning work, while Mr. Herron was dietating to me. Kimoto announced: "Honorable gent'mar outside say must see honorable Her ron. Honorable gent'man angry."

Jupiter gives promise of political honors for a jurist of the West.

The planetary government today is not favorable for women, and actresses should be particularly cautious about signing contracts.

Theaters today are subject to influ-

# Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

It is an accepted fact nowadays that the blouse is just as essential as the suit, and the latest styles are watched with as much in-

All of the shops carrying blouses are preparing for "National Blouse Week," November to to 15. Just as the mid-winter millinery opening, October 6, marked an influx of new hats, so we will be rewarded with a large and novel assortment of blouses. In anticipation of a large demand for

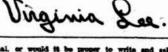
blouses, directly due to this, New York houses have prepared models to fill all demands. The short and three-quarter length sleeves are dominant in such a lot and the novel shades of orchid, Adriatic, Bermuda and burnt orange are used freely.

The overblouse, which seems to steadily gain in popularity, due no doubt to its power to convert a simple skirt into a dressy affair suitable for afternoon wear, is to be featured by many shops, developed in heavy fabrics and silks and in some cases in the wool

The basque and "hipband" casaquettes, which probably grew out of the loose overblouse worn last, spring, are more suitable for suit wear and the long sleeves are very popular in such models. Any number of blouses similar to these mentioned are already on display in Washington shops and proving popular among the early fall shoppers.

Upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I will be glad to tell you where I have seen blouses similar to them.

Veils and Shoes. a girl, 15. Is it correct for me to wear My mother objects to my wearing high-oxfords. Is she right in thist-Fiftien.



# TEN-MINUTE NOVELS

TODAY-"Bleak House," by Charles Dickens. Condensation by Wilder Dwight Quinn. TOMORROW-"Pudd'nhead Wilson," by Mark Twain.

# **DICKENS**

Dickens did not live to be an old man, as "old age" is reckoped in our time. When the end came, on the evening of the ninth of June, 1870, he had lived only four months his 58th year. The news of his death throughout the civilised world. The London Times, in suggesting that the only fitting resting place for the remains of such a man was the Abbey, in which the most illustrious Engishmen are laid, declared: "Statesmen, men of science, phil-anthropists, the acknowledged ben-

efactors of their race, might pass away, and yet not leave the void which will be caused by the death of Dickens.... However pre-eminent in station, ability or public services, they will not have been, like our great and household. Indeed such a position is attained not even by one man in an age."

Dickens had left instruction that he be buried privately, without previous public amouncement of time or place, and without monument or memorial. He had preferred to lie in the small graveyard under Rochester Castle wall; or in the little churches of Cobham or Shorne; but all these were found to be closed. The demand that he be placed among England's great dead in Westminster Abbey, united in by all England from the Dean of the Abbey to the humblest citizen, finally prevailed. It was arranged that there should be only such ceremonial as would be consistent with the injunction for privacy. And on the morning of Tuesday the leth of June, all was carried out with the knowledge of those only who by right might assist at the burial. attained not even by one man in an



thrine. The inscription upon the stone

found to be closed. The demand that he be placed among England's great dead in Westminster Abbey, united in by all England from the Dean of the Abbey to the humblest citizen, finally prevailed. It was arranged that there should be only such ceremonial as would be consistent with the injunction for privacy. And on the morning of Tuesday the 14th of June, all was carried out with the knowledge of those only who by right might assist at the burial.

In the cut accompanying this brief sketch, flowers are shown marking sketch, flowers are shown marking and for years after the burial, fresh flowers were newly strewn there by those who came to the spot as to a

# **BLEAK HOUSE**

By CHARLES DICKENS

(Condensation by Wilder Dwight Quinn.)

knew before I, Esther Summerson, to feel something of its deadenman alive knew what it meant. It was once about an old Jarndyce will, but was now only a question of costs and they were eating up the original property every day. People were dragged into it whether they would r no. More than one tragedy it had ccasioned. I was told that Tom arndyce, a despairing suitor, had Jarndyce, a despairing suitor, Jarndyce, a despairing suitor, had said one day of Chancery: "It's being roasted at a slow fire; it's being stung to death by single bees; it's being drowned by drops, it's going mad by grains." And then he went and shot himself. But Chancery brought me many strange experiences, some bitter sorrows and a great hap-

some bitter sorrows and a great hap-piness. My childhood knew no mother. My will return to waterlands. The oounged in this proposed districts of Ra-inspect of Mr. Miler's mother, near the proposed and as and opened a training school. All R. G. Whitlock, American Red, and the proposed with the southern to the proposed with the earliest recoilection was of a kindly woman who called herself my godwoman who called herself my god-mother. Once I had asked her about my real mother, and she had replied: "Your mother, Esther, is your dis-grace, and you were hers." When my godmother died I was told by Kenge and Carboy creat London law-

Through my guardian, a kindly, hearty gentleman nearer 60 than 50, perhaps, I met many people of low and high degree. Of the latter were Sir Leicester Dedlock, and my Lady perhaps. I met many people of low and high degree. Of the latter were sir Leicester Dedlock, and my Lady Dedlock he went with his news. Dedlock, great personages in rank and fashion, with a fine town-house in London and a superb country estate. Chesney Wold, off in Lincolnshire. Sir Leicester had married for love, rumor had it, a bit beneath him. But my lady showed no signs of that. She was proud, cold, haughty, they said, with beauty still, not yet in its antumn. Sir Leicester, wenty years I had recovered my face was so saily in that interesting things in the particles. Then the darkness of a terrible disease encompassed me, and when the particles are some lovely articles antumn. Sir Leicester, twenty years I had recovered my face was so saily in that interesting things in the particles and the property of the propert antumn Sir Leicester twenty years older, was a man of worthy presence, ceremonious and stately. He had supreme faith in two things: the

British aristocracy and Lady Dedlock. My lady, was in Jarndyce and family lawyer, was with her in con-nection with the case. Mr. Tulking-horn, I came to know, was a rusty, silent man, the butter of the legal cellars of the Dedlocks; grown rich out of aristocratic marriage settle-ments and aristocratic wills; an oyster

"Who copied that?" eried my lady impulsively, as she caught sight of some handwriting on a legal docu-ment before her. "Why do you ask?" some handwriting on a legal docu-ment before her. "Why do you ask?" queried the keen lawyer, struck by her animation and unusual tone. "Anything to vary this detestable monotony," she returned, then fainted. With Mr. Tulkinghorn to wonder at anything was to investigate it. Why lady asked about that hand? Why had she fainted? Perhaps Snagsby, the law stationer, who had had these papers copied, could enlighten him. Yes, Snagsby knew. It was the work of a poverty-stricken over one villainous Krooks' rag and bottle shop. Thither they go and up into the squalld chamber. Ne-mo is lying on his wretched bed, his eyes staring, his body motionless. "God save us, he is dead!" exclaimed Mr. Tulkinghorn.
I heard of the inquest through Mr. Guppy, a shrewd young lawyer who made hopeless calf-love to me. The columbia witness who seemed to have

heeled exfords Is she right in thist-Finam.

Girls of 15 do not wear veils, except occasionally perhaps, as a protection to the face on a long motor trip. Your mother is right in objecting to your wearing high heels. Low heels are more sensible and healthful for young girls.

No Explanation.

No Explanation.

About six ments ago I met a girl and it.

Should cake be many with the fingers or with tells my Lady face to face. And As you still care for this girl, you heels are more sensible and healthful for young girls.

As you still care for this girl, you heel not consider her decision final, need not consider her decision final, but may write and ask for a renewal of her friendship.

No Explanation.

About six months ago I met a girl and it was practically a case of love at first sight with both of us. After we had gone together three months, she wrote that she could not go with me any longer, but gave no reason. Don't you think she should have made some explanation!

I have tried to give her up and forget her, but can't do it. Must I accept her decision as in the fingers.

As you still care for this girl, you docketed Jo for further use—mean time: "I have spen the man whose the man whose the man whose of her friendship.

The mean landwriting attracted your attention," he wrote Lady Dedlock. And Tulkinghorn, the trusted solicitor of soon after, on a visit to Creaney Wold: "I found him—dead," he tells my Lady face to face. And whether each evermore watches and suspects the other; what each owned the heart.

That all depends upon the cake and suspects the other; what each other knows—all this is hidden for a time in their own hearts.

The faithful Mr. Guppy, whom I port that Mr. George, a fine and port that Mr. George, a fine and port that Mr. George, a fine and the consider the man whose time. The wrote Lady Dedlock. And Tulkinghorn, the trusted solicitor of policity, the impregnable guardian of face. And whether each evermore watches and suspects the other; what each of the mean that the great lawyer, Mr. Tulkinghorn, the trusted solicitor of policity, the impregnable guardian of face. And whether each evermore watches and suspects the other; what each of the mean whose the news that the great lawyer, Mr. Tulkinghorn, the news that the great lawyer, Mr. Tulkinghorn, the news that the great lawyer, Mr. Tulkinghorn, the prevention, "I have write to give the know whon

The celebrated case of Jarndyce and | could never encourage because-well, Jarndyce had droned its way through the dusty, musty Chancery Court in London for how many years only a of Jo's arrest for loitering, and of the few bewigged and fussy barristers strange story he told in explanation of money found on him. They took him to Snagsby's, and this was Jo's tale: "They're wot's left, Mr. Snagstale: "They're wot's left, Mr. Snags-by, out of a sov'ring as wos give me by a lady in a wale as said she was a servant, and as come to my crossin' one night and asked to be showed this 'ere 'ouse and the 'ouse wot him as you give the writin' to died at, and

And now why did Snagsby hurry off to grim old Tulkinghorn with this odd tale? And why did Mr. Tulkinghorn at once call in Bucket, a great London detective, to go and fetch Jo? And was there any dark import to the bit of melodrama in the lawyer's office where the waif was shown a veiled woman dressed as a servant? 'er, an' it ain't 'er." he had gazing raptly at the figure. "I i the wale an' the bunnit an' the gownd but it ain't 'er 'and, nor yet 'er rings, nor yet 'er woice. It's 'er, an' it ain't 'er.' "There ain't a doubt." Bucket had whispered to Mr. Tuk-

on the seat beside me. Suddenly caught me to her brest, kissed me, fell down on her knees and cried to me: "O, my child, my child; I am your unhappy and wicked mother. O, try to forgive me. I had thought you dead in infancy. My cruel sister told me so." Then I felt a burst of gratitude, through all my tumuit of emo-tion, that I was so changed that I could never disgrace her by any trace

But at once I knew that out secre was not safe. My mother told me of the cold and crafty Tulkinghorn, already suspicious of her and ready to charge her with the truth. "Could you not trust him?" I had asked. "I shall never try," she replied. "The dark road I have trodden for so many years will end where it will. I follow it alone to the end, wherever the end

Soon I knew that the merciless Tulk-Soon I knew that the merciless Tulk-inghorn was hot on the scent. Jour-neying down to Chesney Wold, he told my mother that he knew everything and would hold her in his ghastly grip, awaiting his own time for re-vealing the story to Sir Leicester. Nor did the pitliess solicitor give ner much time of grace. When the Dediccks re-turned to their stately lorder have turned to their stately London house he sought my lady and declared to her that soon, perhaps, on the morrow, his duty demanded that he inform Si Leicester of his wife's former dis-grace. "I am quite prepared," she said icily, as he started for home. But, with an inward fire consuming her, she would walk in the garden

hearty ex-soldier, who had been heard to threaten Mr. Tulkinghorn, because the lawyer had squeezed him financially, and who had been seen at Lincoin's Inn Fields on the night of the murder, had been arrested, charged with the crime. But why? The mystery was not selved, it seemed. Mr. Bucket, I found, was still on the trail of—someone. Then one day Mr. Bucket told my lord that it was not the soldier who had killed Mr. Tulkinghorn, but a woman. And he went on with all the story of my mother's early disgrace with Captain Hawdon, and how Mr. Tulkinghorn had discovered it, threatening her with exposure; how my lady had been seen soing out on the night of the tragedy and how a veiled woman had been noticed near the lawyer's rooms at the same time. "It is my duty to tell you this," said the detective, "to prepare you for the revelation I am about te make. Others know of it, you must." Then in was brought Hortense, my lady's discharged French maid (who hated my lady, and hated Mr. Tulkinghorn still more because he had refused to pay her hushmoney on account of the masquerading scene before Jol, and Mr. Bucket cause he had refused to pay her hushmoney on account of the masquerading scene before Jo), and Mr. Bucket proved her guilty of the murder and arrested her on the spot. But they left my lord stricken with paralysis, his proud figure beaten to the earth. Next-I heard that my poor mother had fied the great London mansion, leaving a letter for Sir Leicester confessing her youthful shame, but protesting her innocence of the murder. "Full forgiveness; find—" wrote the baronet on a slate for Mr. Bucket.

Then began the strangest chase that was ever known. Bucket came to me, and we left the inspector's office in London before 2 of the morning in a barouche with postilion and post barouche with postilion and post horses, Mr. Bucket seated on the box. A wild, uncanny ride it was, down by the waterside, over the London bridges, crossing and recrossing the dark river; out of the empty city streets into the country white with

snow. On and on with little rest for two days and more, toiling through the sleety, slopping roads; snatching a bit of rest here and there; suddenly back to great roaring London, hot on the scent now, and fetching up on foo at last at the grim gate of the terrible paupers' graveyard where my father was buried. And there on the steps. with one arm creeping around a bar of the gate as if to embrace it, tay my mother cold and dead. But sunshine came again, as it always comes to the young and hopeful. My dear guardian brought it the soon-er. I had promised him that I would be mistress of Bleak House some day en absent from England, had gro

away from me. Returning, he had spoken too late. Ah, dear guardian, how did you know, and why did you take me down into Yorkshire so soon to show me a pretty, rustic doil's house of a cottage on pretext of getting my opinion of it as a residence for Dr. Woodcourt who was to settle tage door. And on that beautiful day, you, my generous, self-sacrificing guardian, gave it to me and me to Allan Woodcourt. Thus was I made Allan Woodcourt. Thus was I made the happy mistress of Bleak House. Happy in the knowledge that widowed Ada and her boy was to live at the older Bleak House always. Happy to learn at last that Jarndyce and Jarndyce was devoured by its own costs and that its curse was laid forevermore.

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more.

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"Hold on! Come with me so I can bite souse off your ears," said a rough voice, and there stood the bad old Skuddlemagoon.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"Hold on! Groups of three tucks are used between each frill save on the round save frill save frill save on the round save frill save fri

that recovered my face was so sadly in that interesting Japanese Eatsuma changed that I hardly knew myself. To recuperate my guardian took me down to Lincoinshire, near Chesney heads near the white-faced Japanese Wold. And there I met Lady Dedlock again.

I was resting on a bench in the there's another odd little man peering again.

I was resting on a bench in the beautiful wood near the great mansion one day when she came and sat down from the lid.

If the basket makers in the older times had been permitted to see the outcome of that trade today, they probably would have folded their hands and stolen away. At the Palais Royal I saw everything from the fancy market basket of today, one of those cute little round ones, to the enameled waist paper ones, with raised floral design, the latter, by the way, a most welcome gift to any housewife.

years ago in silver have gained a woman and are being developed in other things, too, Shaw and Brown have a most elegant one of gold and black enamel, with a little black silk cord for a chain and a fastener set with stones. It is perfectly elegant and rather costly, but then it's worth the price if you happen to have it. S. Kann & Sons Co. are introducing a similar case with backs of leather, silk or velvet with woven chain handle at a most reasonable price, which will no doubt prove very popular, especially among the school girls who

# ICE CREAM COFFEE.

Put a good-sized spoon of vanilla ice cream into the bottom of a tall. Do not stir. Serve with long-handled spoon.

UTH'S PORK PRODUCTS are standard in qualty, wholesome and palate-tempting. At All Grocers. N. Auth Provision Co., 623 D S. W.

# Woodward & Lothrop

New York-WASHINGTON-Paris.

Another Shipment of

# Serge Dresses Specially Priced at \$19.50 Each

Splendid quality Serge in Black and Navy Blue. Braided, embroidered and button trimmed; new collarless models; shoestring sash. Sizes up to 42.

# Also Velveteen Dresses, \$19.50 and \$30.00

Several smart models at these two prices, including both the straight line and the smart coat effect at \$30.00. The colors are black, navy blue, brown and taupe. Some are braided.

Women's Dress Salon, Third Floor, G St.

### CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SOUASH PIE. By HOWARD R. GARIS. Copyright, 1919, The McClure Newspape Syndicate.)

Uncle Wiggily was skipping over a fallen long in the woods with a big squash under his arm when he happened to drop the squash. Down it went on the ground, ker-plunk!

"Oh, dear" thought the bunny rab jagged stump, rolled into a bramble brier bush, rolled out again and then came to a stop, waiting for Uncle
Wiggily to pick it up.
"Why, it isn't hurt at bit!" exclaimed
the bunny, as he reached the squash.
"I don't see how Nurse Jane is ever

seing to make that into a tender ple

"What have you there?" he asked. Group
"Squash-for-pie!" answered the
bunny. But he was feeling so bad, collar.

The bunny picked up the squash, to go round once and as dee which was only scratched a little, and apple is, wind around apple,

licious pie with molasses. So that is serve.

the story of the squash. It teaches u that even onlines may be of some use in this world. And if the gold find doesn't go swimming in the gravy boat and make the sugar spoon fall into the salt cellar. I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the

## HERE WE HAVE DRESSY BLOUSE



Groups of three tucks are used between each frill save on the round collar. Here tucked material forms

with one teaspoon of sugar and bake in a quick oven. Put a spoonful of whipped cream on each apple and

# Bread is the Best Food for the Baby



Its healthful ingredients make bread the ideal food to develop the growing body and strengthen the muscles. Bread is a strong foundation on which use-

# ful, happy lives are built. **DORSCH'S** Old Mammy's Rice Bread

served with milk will put a rosy glow of health on baby's cheeks, and a happy smile on his little

Give him more bread, and make Old Mammy's Rice Bread your favorite brand.